

Saturday. Lodged

Dearest, All your parcels have come,
but not a collapsible cup (which doesn't
melt at all). I now have just had
your letter written yesterday. Thank
you for it. I am now off to
see Babe at Hatch. It is a fine

windy day & if Rubin's shoes don't
blister my feet I will be a good
champ up all this standing about.

Our new O/c, Captain
Lushington, arrived last night. He
seems a nice creature, a rather
feminine, dark-eyed, slender man
with pale skin & rather large Roman
nose, aged little over 30.

Of course there is nothing to do
now except wait. I shall perhaps
sleep at Hatch. I need a good sleep.

Bromwich's letter came with
yours. It will do her good to hear

monitor, want it? It was a
good letter signed 'elder daughter'.
I wish I could present her with
Roses Pyggo & Lapworth's book.
What she would do.

The other book is 'The literary
Pilgrim'. Methuen are just
publishing it & I must read
them our new address.

I will write to Brown
tomorrow if possible.

Goodbye, dearest.

Edw.

P.S. Arthur Valon has sent me
a very exquisite old pair of
compasses by this post — things I
shall always keep.

You never mentioned receiving
three verses about Green Lane,
Froesfield. Did you get them?
They were written in December &
suggested by our last walk there
in September.

Please put these letters in my drawers.

27 Jan 17



Mr H B Thomas
High Beech
Loughton
Essex